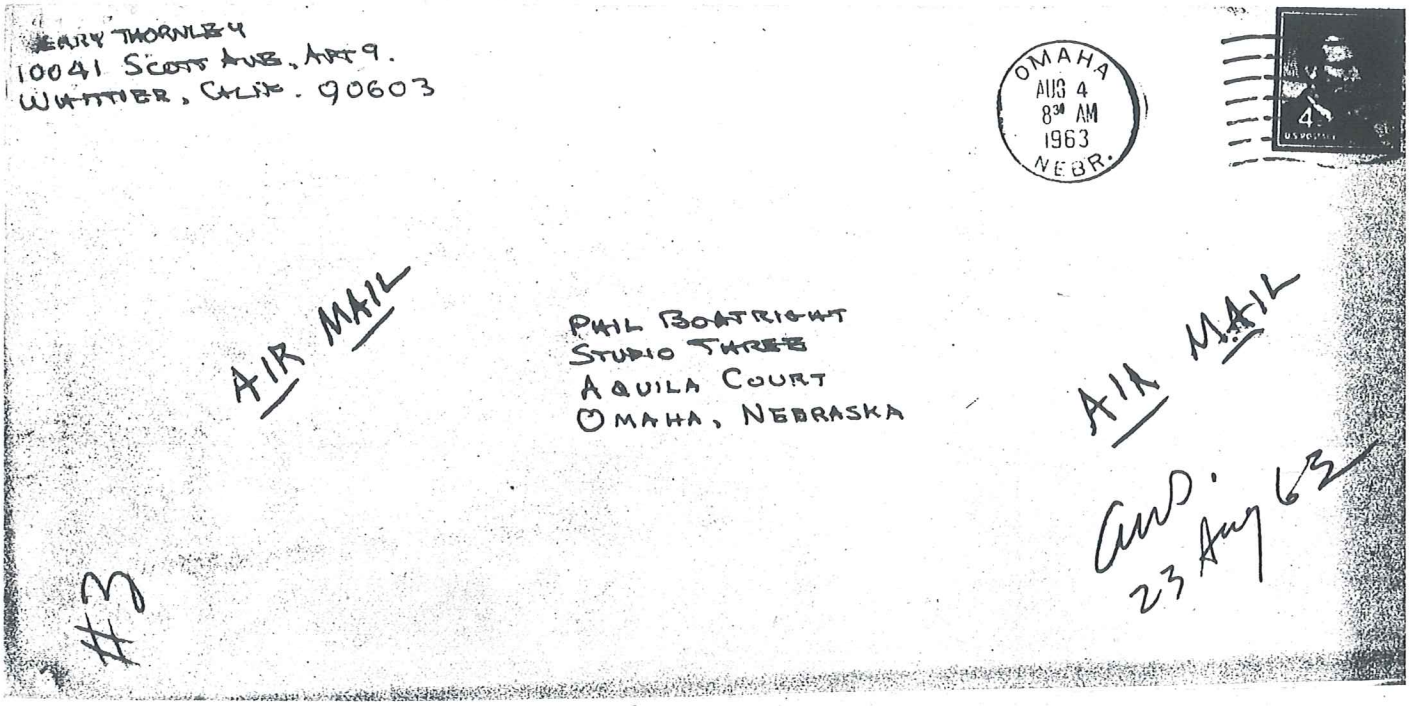
GARY THORNLEY
10041 SCOTT AVE. APT 9.
WHITTIER, CALIF. 90603
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PHIL-

TRISTAN PELL + I HAVE CONFERRED WITH SOME OF MY MORE LITERAL, LIKE ME, BUT INTELLIGENT, LIKE ME, FRIENDS OUT HERE. ESPECIALLY I CORNERED BOB TEETER, WHO IS STUDYING CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGY, WORKING NOW ON LAST CREDITS OF MASTERS. HE FOUND CHARM, EMPATHY, SELF-DESTRUCTION, AND JUDGED PELL THE PERSONIFICATION OF THAT PART OF YOU TO WHICH THE EGO TAKES EXCEPTION.

BUD SIMCO, THE NUMBER-ONE MAN ON THE DEDICATION PAGE OF THE IDLE WARRIORS, FOUND CERTAIN PARTS OF IT VERY MUCH TO HIS TASTE - WHILE NOT PRETENDING TO UNDERSTAND THE WHOLE. ESPECIALLY PROCLAIMED THE 'COMIC PERVISHNESS, A RAUNCHY MAD SEARCHING OF POCKETS' PASSAGE AS EXCELLENT COMMUNICATION.

I FIND CERTAIN THINGS. TRISTAN PELL, DISREGARDING NORSE MYTH, GIVES A CONOTATION OF SAD PROPULSION OR, PERHAPS, COMPULSION - IN MY EAR. TRISTAN'S RANTING OFTEN RESEMBLES MY OWN PRECREATION COMMENTARY IN INTERIOR DIALOGUE, A NOTEBOOK I KEEP. 'BORROWS EYES, TO SPEAK', IS THAT MOST DIFFICULT KEY I HAVE NOT YET FOUND A LOCK FOR, EMPATHY? COLLECTIVE MIND (FORBID!)? YOUR DEVICE FOR PREVENTING SUBCONSCIOUS PLAGERISM? HMMMMM. I DOUBT IT. MY ESSENTIAL DISCOVERY CONCERNING PELL IS THAT I'M LOOKING AT THE WORDS OF A PRE-POET, A MAN FIGHTING OUT OF CHAOS TOWARD SOMETHING LIKE THE WHITE ROSE. TRISTAN PELL, I THINK, IS A VIEW OVER THE SHOULDER OF PHIL BOATRIGHT AT THE SHADOW BEHIND HIM. WITH THIS IN MIND, EVERYTHING BUT THOSE 'BORROWS EYES, TO SPEAK' IMAGES BLEND INTO A PERFECT WHOLE. BUT THEY PROPOSE AN ALTERNATE WHOLE, OR PERHAPS ANOTHER LEVEL: HOW EXPLAIN TO YOU YOUR SONG... (AND I WOULD ADD - YOU BIG WE.)

I WILL SAY ONLY ONE MORE THING ABOUT PELL FOR NOW: THE MUSIC IS EXCELLENT.

ALL YOUR POEMS, EXCEPT THE WHITE MOUTH, I FIND CLEAR AND WELL-SPOKEN. THE WHITE MOUTH TOOK AWHILE. I ENVISIONED, FINALLY, A CRUMPLED PIECE OF PAPER! A DISREGARDED POEM. SPECIFICALLY: A DISREGARDED METAPHOR. IF THAT IS NOT WHAT YOU MEANT, PUT IT IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS AND SMOKE IT -- OR PAT YOURSELF ON THE BACK OF THE BRAIN -- BECAUSE IT IS A PERFECT POEM ON THAT SUBJECT. IT WAS ONLY TODAY THAT I SAW IT, AND ONLY BECAUSE THERE ARE A FEW 'WHITE MOTHS' AROUND HERE LATELY.

I AM WORKING, PHIL, AS NEVER BEFORE. NO SEX LIFE. STARVE ADVENTURE. ABOUT 4 HOURS NIGHTLY SWINGING TRAYS IN A NEARBY INN. ANOTHER FOUR HOURS TO TEN HOURS SLEEP. THE REST IS THE WRITTEN WORD. I'VE AVERAGED A PAGE A DAY ON A NEW VERSION OF THE IDLE WARRIORS; WORKED TIME-TO-TIME ON A LONG-SHORT-STORY, THE AFFECTIONATE AVENGER; SENT A VERY RANDIAN SHORT-SHORT TO THE MEN'S DIGEST, GAME VS. GAME; WRITTEN A 30-LINE POEM OUT OF WHAT STARTED AS A STORY, EDEN REVISITED, A MYTH RETOLD; TURNED OUT A NUMBER OF UNINTELLIGIBLE POEMS AS SEEDS FOR FUTURE ELLABORATIONS. AND FILLED TWO COMPOSITION BOOKS WITH NOTES. OH YES, I STARTED THE IDLE WARRIORS ON APRIL FOOL'S DAY -- SO IT'S ALMOST 1/3 FINISHED BY NOW.

SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT THE QUARTER, I RECKON BACK, I BEAT THE HELL-FIRE-SHIT OUT OF MILLIE ONE FINE MORNING WHEN SHE GOT BITCHY. A NUMBER OF THINGS FOLLOWED: (1) AFTER TWO DAYS OF SELF-REPENTANT UNCERTAINTY, I WAS OVERWHELMED BY A SENSE OF TOTAL RELEASE; (2) I SPENT THE NEXT FEW WEEKS READING ALAN WATTS, LAYING AROUND VARIOUS BARS, DRINKING, TRYING TO MAKE VIC'S

NEWEST GIRLFRIEND, JOAN; EXTENDING FRIENDLY HANDS TO MIM, LOY, AND LANE; TRYING TO MAKE JUDY (MOE'S DAUGHTER, I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW HER); HAVING A CASUAL AFFAIR WITH A LITTLE GIRL FROM NORTH CAROLINA; DATING JESSICA; AND DRIFTING FROM ONE PARTY TO ANOTHER WITH A SELDOM-OPENED NOTEBOOK IN MY HAND. IN THE MIDST OF THIS, I GOT IN A FIST FIGHT WITH HENRY AVERY -- MILLIE'S LATEST, BRIEF FRIEND OF THE MOMENT -- IN WHICH I WAS ABLE TO SEVERLY GOUGE AN EYE, SPRAIN MY OPPONENT'S FINGER, AND EMERGE WITH ONLY A SLIGHT WOUND ON THE FOREHEAD (THE GOUGED EYE, HIS). HE LEFT ME WITH HERMAN AT HIS SIDE EXPLAINING THAT GENTLEMEN DO NOT SETTLE THINGS IN SUCH A BARBARIC MANNER, AND HIM (HENRY) SHOUTING THREATS TO GET A GUN AND COME AFTER ME. SO I DECIDED TO KILL HIM, SINCE HE'D INITIATED THE FIRST BLOW. I WENT BACK TO THE B'HOUSE, WHERE THE FIGHT STARTED, AND TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHETHER TO USE A LEAD PIPE OR A KNIFE. VIC FINALLY TALKED ME OUT OF IT. SO, BEING NOW A WOMAN-BEATER, A STREET-BRAWLER, AND A MILITANT DO-NOTHING -- I WAS HERO OF THE QUARTER. AL THOMPSON BOUGHT ME A BEER, ONCE, EVEN. JUDY THOMPSON CONGRATULATED ME ON BEATING UP MILLIE. AND BOTH AGREED I HAD THE MAKINGS OF A FINE WRITER. EVERY TIME I ENTERED THE B'HOUSE, WHICH BECAME HOME TO ME MORE THAN EVER, IT WAS WITH A DIFFERENT YOUNG LADY ON MY ARM THAN I LAST OUT WENT WITH. AND EACH TIME, THE VARIOUS TABLE GROUPS TRIED TO OUTBID EACH OTHER FOR MY COMPANY. NOT SINCE MY VOICE OF DEMOCRACY RAYS IN HIGH SCHOOL HAD MY POPULARITY SO FLORISHED. THIS LASTED ALMOST A WEEK.

#3

I CAME AWAY RICHER IN FRIENDS AND MORE TOLERANT OF THE FRENCH QUARTER WAY TO WESTERN CIVILIZATION. EVEN FRANCISCO AND I HAD A COUPLE OF BARTOP DISCUSSIONS AND EXCHANGED DRINK-BUYING HONORS.

AND THAT, PHIL, IS HOW THE QUARTER GOT IN MY BLOOD. AND IT SURE IS THERE, MAN.

NO NYU FOR ME IN THE NEAR FUTURE. UPON MAJOR PUBLICATION I MAY OR MAY NOT RETURN TO SCHOOL. I JUST WANT TO SPEND THE MAJOR PORTION OF THE REST OF MY LIFE ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI, WRITING AT LEAST A PAGE A DAY, AND SAILING THE TRADE WINDS THAT CROSS IN THE B'HOUSE.

AL THOMPSON COACHED ME ON MY WRITING. AND, I ADMITT, HIS ADVICE WAS WORTH TAKING. WHEN I'M IN THE QUARTER, WE SPEND A COUPLE OF AFTERNOONS A WEEK IN CLASS AT HIS PLACE OR THE LOCAL SALOON.

JESSICA, I GUESS, WENT TO NEW YORK. WE BROKE UP BY MAIL AFTER I CAME OUT HERE AND I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HER SINCE -- NOR DO I EXPECT TO. IN MAY, PLAYWRITE'S' SHOWCASE PUT ON ONE OF HER PLAYS I'M TOLD.

HERMAN & MIM ARE NOW LIVING IN SAN FRANCISCO. I SHALL PROBABLY VISIT THEM BEFORE LEAVING THE COAST.

THIS LETTER, BY WAY OF EXPLANATION, IS WRITTEN IN REPLY TO YOURS. I GOT SCI SOME DAYS BEFORE AND THE TYPE-WRITTEN NOTE WAS SEALED FOR MAILING.

KEEP IN TOUCH.

SEE YOU IN THE B'HOUSE.

PEACE, BUT NOT AT THE PRICE
OF SURRENDER, UPON YOU

Kerry

(over)

P.S.

DUG THE PIX. PHIL BOATRIGHT, AN OMAHA CITIZEN WHOSE HOUSE INEXPLICABLY FELL DOWN THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE GOT NEWS THAT HIS NEW ORLEANS JOURNAL OF TRISTAN PELL (SCI MAG 1963) HAD BEEN NOMINATED FOR THE NOBEL PRIZE, STANDS-UNHARMED AND UNSHAKEN-CONTEMPLATING THE VISIONARY EYE OF A CAMERA LENS.

P.P.S.

THANX FOR INFO ON BEUM, MY MAN + I MET FRIEND OF YOURS, JUNE TAYLOR OF CHINESE COOK BOOK FAME, BEFORE LEAVING.